

THE  
THIRD PART  
OF THE  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
ON  
Affairs of State.

— Containing,  
Esquire *Marvel's* further Instructions to  
a Painter.

AND  
The late Lord *Rocheſter's* Farewel.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M<sup>C</sup>DC LXXXIX.

THE  
THIRD PART  
OF THE  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS

BY  
JOHN MILTON

WITH A  
PREFACE

BY  
THE

REV. JOHN MILTON

OF THE

L

THE  
LAST INSTRUCTIONS  
TO A  
P A I N T E R.

A Fter two sittings, now our *Lady State*,  
To end her Picture, does the third time wait.  
But er'e thou fal'st to work, first *Painter* see  
It be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.  
Canst thou paint without Colours? Then 'tis right :  
For so we too without a Fleet can fight.  
Or canst thou dawb a Sign-post, and that ill ?  
'Twill suit our great debauch and little skill.  
Or hast thou mark't how antique Masters limn  
The Aly roof, with snuff of Candle dimm,  
Sketching in shady smoke prodigious tools,  
'Twill serve this race of Drunkards, Pimps, and Fools.  
But if to match our Crimes thy skill presumes,  
As th' *Indians* draw our Luxury in Plumes.  
Or if to score out our compendious Fame,  
With *Hook* then, through the *microscope*, take aim :  
Where, like the new *Controller*, all men laugh  
To see a tall Lowse brandish the white Staff.  
Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless Pencil curse,  
Stamp on thy Pallat, nor perhaps the worse.  
The Painter so, long having vext his cloth,  
Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging froth,  
His desperate Pencil at the work did dart,  
His Anger reacht that rage which past his Art ;  
Chance finisht that which Art could but begin,  
And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.

So may'st thou perfect, by a lucky blow,  
What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then St. *A*—s full of soup and gold,  
The new *Courts* pattern, Stallion of the old.  
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,  
But Fortune chose him for her pleasure salt.  
Paint him with *Drayman's* Shoulders, butchers *Mien*,  
Member'd like Mules, with Elephantine chine.  
Well he the Title of St. *A*—s bore,  
For never *Bacon* study'd Nature more.  
But Age, allaying now that youthful heat,  
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and treat.  
Draw no Commission lest the Court should lye,  
That, disavowing Treaty, ask supply.  
He needs no Seal, but to St. *James's* lease,  
Whose Breeches were the Instrument of Peace.  
Who, if the *French* dispute his Pow'r, from thence  
Can straight produce them a *Plenipotence*.  
Nor fears he *the most Christian* should trepan  
Two Saints at once, St. *G*—n, St. *A*—n.  
But thought the Golden Age was now restor'd,  
When Men and Women took each others Word.

Paint then again *Her H*—s to the life,  
Philosopher beyond *Newcastle's* Wife.  
She, nak'd, can *Archimedes* self put down,  
For an Experiment upon the Crown.  
She perfected that Engine, oft assay'd,  
How after Childbirth to renew a Maid.  
And found how *Royal Heirs* might be matur'd,  
In fewer months than Mothers once indur'd.  
Hence *C*—r made the rare Inventress free,  
Of's *H*—s *Royal Society*.

Happy'st of Women, if she were but able  
To make her glassen *D*—s once malleable!  
Paint her with Oyster Lip, and breath of Fame,  
Wide Mouth that Sparagus may well proclaim:  
With *Chanc'lor's* Belly, and so large a Rump.  
There, not behind the Coach, her Pages jump.  
Express her studying now, if *China*-clay,  
Can without breaking venom'd juice convey.



Or how a mortal Poyson she may draw,  
 Out of the cordial meal of the *Cacao*,  
 Witness ye stars of Night, and thou the pale  
 Moon, that o'come with the sick steam did'st fail;  
 Ye neigh'ring Elms, that your green leaves did shee  
 And Fawns, that from the womb abortive fled.  
 Not unprovok'd she trys forbidden Arts,  
 But in her soft Breast Loves hid Cancer smarts.  
 While she revolves, at once, *Sidney's* disgrace,  
 And her self scorn'd for emulous *Denham's* Face;  
 And nightly hears the hated Guards away  
 Galloping with the *Duke* to other Prey.

Paint C — in Colours that will hold,  
 Her, not her Picture, for she now grows old.  
 She through her Lacquies Drawers as he ran,  
 Discern'd Love's Cause, and a new Flame began.  
 Her wonted joys thenceforth and Court she shuns,  
 And still within her mind the Footman runs:  
 His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face  
 She flights) his Feet shapt for a smother race.  
 Poring within her Glafs she re-adjusts  
 Her looks, and oft-try'd Beauty now distrusts:  
 Fears lest he scorn a Woman once assay'd,  
 And now first, wisht she e're had been a Maid.  
 Great Love, how dost thou triumph, and how reign,  
 That to a Groom couldst humble her disdain!  
 Stript to her Skin, see how she stooping stands,  
 Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair Hands;  
 And washing (lest the scent her Crime disclose)  
 His sweaty Hooves, tickles him 'twixt the Toes.  
 But envious Fame, too soon, begun to note  
 More gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat:  
 And he, unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,  
 No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet.  
 Justly the Rogue was whipt in Porter's Den:  
 And J——n straight has leave to come agen.  
 Ah Painter, now could *Alexander* live,  
 And this *Campaspe* thee *Apelles* give!

Draw next a Pair of Tables op'ning, then  
 The House of Commons clatt'ring like the Men.

Describe the *Court* and *Country*, both set right,  
 On opposite points, the black against the white.  
 Those having lost the Nation at *Trick track*,  
 These now advent'ring how to win it back.  
 The Dice betwixt them must the Fate divide,  
 As Chance does still in Multitudes decide.  
 But here the *Court* does its advantage know,  
 For the Cheat *T---* for them both must throw.  
 As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair  
 Can strike the Die, and still with them goes share.

Here *Painter* rest a little, and survey  
 With what small Arts the publick game they play.  
 For so too *Rubens*, with affairs of State,  
 His lab'ring Pencil oft would recreate.

The close *Cabal* mark'd how the Navy eats,  
 And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats :  
 So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,  
 Yet as for War the *Parliament* should squeeze ;  
 And fix to the Revenue such a Summ,  
 Should *G----* silence, and strike *P-----* dumb ;  
 Should pay Land Armies, should dissolve the vain  
*Commons*, and ever such a *Court* maintain,  
*H---*'s Avarice, *B---*'s Luxury should suffice,  
 And what can these defray but the *Excise* ?  
*Excise*, a Monster worse than e're before  
 Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.  
 A thousand Hands she has and thousand Eyes,  
 Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars prys.  
 With hundred rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,  
 And on all Trade like *Casavar* she feeds :  
 Chops off the piece where e're she close the Jaw,  
 Elle swallows all down her indented maw.  
 She stalks all day in Streets conceal'd from sight,  
 And flies like Batts with leathern Wings by Night.  
 She wastes the Country and on Cities preys.  
 Her, of a female Harpy, in Dog Days :  
 Black *B---*, of all the Earth-born race most hot,  
 And most rapacious, like himself begot.  
 And, of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,  
 Bugger'd in Incest with the mungrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,  
 (And Painter, wanting other, draw this Fight.)  
 Who, in an *English* Senate, fierce debate,  
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals first the Troop march'd in,  
 For Diligence renown'd, and Discipline :  
 In Loyal haste they left young Wives in Bed,  
 And *D-----m* these by one consent did head.  
 Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,  
 That sold their Master, led by *A-----m*.  
 To them succeeds a despicable Rout,  
 But knew the Word and well could face about ;  
 Expectants pale, with hopes of spoil allur'd,  
 Thought yet but Pioneers, and led by *S---d*.  
 Then damming Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain,  
*W---d* these commands, Knight of the Horn and Cane.  
 Still his Hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,  
 And under's Armpit he defends his Head.  
 The posture strange men laught at of his Poll,  
 Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole.  
 Headless *St. Dennis* so his Head does bear ;  
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.  
 Court-Officers, as us'd, the next place took,  
 And follow'd *F--x*, but with disdainful look.  
 His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all dispraise,  
 In vain, for always he commands that pays.  
 Then the Procurers under *P-----s* fil'd,  
 Gentlest of men, and his Lieutenant mild.  
*B-----d* Loves Squire ; through all the field array'd,  
 No Troop was better clad nor so well pay'd.  
 Then march't the Troop of *C-----n*, all full,  
 Haters of Fowl, to *Teal* preferring *Bull*.  
 Gross Bodies, grosser Minds, and grossest Cheats ;  
 And bloated *W---n* conducts them to their seats.  
*C-----n* advances next, whose Coife dos awe  
 The Miter Troop, and with his looks gives Law.  
 He March'd with Beaver cock'd of Bishop's brim,  
 And hid much Fraud under an aspect grim.  
 Next th' Lawyers Mercenary Band appear :  
*F---b*, in the Front, and *T-----d* in the Rear.

The Troop of Priviledge, a Rubble bare  
 Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawny's* Care.  
 Their Fortune's error they supply'd in rage,  
 Nor any further would then these ingage.  
 Then marcht the Troop, whose valiant Acts before,  
 (Their publick Acts) oblig'd them still to more.  
 For Chimney's sake they all Sir *P*— obey'd  
 Or in his absence him that first it lay'd.  
 Then comes the thrifty Troop of Privateers,  
 Whose Horses each with other enterseers.  
 Before them *H*—s rides with brow compact,  
 Mourning his Countess, anxious for his Act.  
 Sir *Fredrick* and Sir *Salomon* draw Lotts  
 For the command of Politicks or Sotts.  
 Thence fell to Words, but, quarrel to adjourn,  
 Their Friends agreed they should command by turn.  
*C*—t the rich did the Accomptants guide,  
 And in ill *English* all the World defy'd.  
 The *Papists*, but of those the *House* had none:  
 Else *T*—t offer'd to have led them on.  
 Bold *D*—e next, of the Projectors chief:  
 And old *F*—g of the Eaters Beef.  
 Late and disorder'd out the Drinkers drew:  
 Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew.  
 Before them enter'd, equal in Command,  
*A*—y and *B*—k, marching hand in hand.  
 Last then but one, *P*—ll, that could not ride,  
 Led the *French* Standard, weltring in his stride,  
 He, to excuse his slowness, truth confest  
 That 'twas so long before he could be drest.  
 The *Lords Sons*, last, all these did reinforce:  
*C*—y before them manag'd Hobby-horse.  
 Never, before nor since, an Host so steel'd  
 Troop't on to muster in the *Tuttle-field*.  
 Not the first Cock-horse, that with Cork were shod  
 To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:  
 Nor the late Feather-men, whom *T*—s fierce  
 Shall with one Breath like thistle-down disperse.  
 All the two *C*—y, their Gen'als chose:  
 For one had much, the other nought to lose.

Nor better choice all accidents could hit;  
 While Hector *Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit:  
 They both accept the Charge with merry glee,  
 To fight a Battel, from all Gun-shot free.

Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,  
 They feign a parly, better to surprize:  
 They, that e're long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,  
 Who in a time of Treaty durst invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the *House* was thin,  
 The *Speaker* early, when they all fell in.

Propitious Heavens, had not you them crost,  
*Excise* had got the day, and all been lost.

For th' other side all in loose Quarters lay,  
 Without Intelligence, Command, or Pay:

A scatter'd Body, which the Foe ne'r try'd,  
 But oftner did among themselves divide.

And some ran o're each night while others sleep,  
 And undescry'd return'd e're morning peep.

But *S——s*, that all Night still walk'd the round,  
 (For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd)

First spy'd the Enemy and gave th' Alarm:  
 Fighting it single till the rest might arm.

Such *Roman Cocles* strid: before the Foe,  
 The falling Bridge behind, the Stream below.

Each ran, as chance him guides, to sev'ral Post:  
 And all to pattern his Example boast.

Their former Trophies they recal to mind,  
 And to new edge their angry Courage grind.

First enter'd forward *T——e*, Conqueror  
 Of *Irish-Cattel* and *Sollicitor*.

Then daring *S——r*, that with Spear and Shield,  
 Had stretcht the monster *Patent* on the Field.

Keen *W——d* next, in aid of Damsel frail,  
 That pierc't the Gyant *M——t* through his Mail.

And furly *W——s*, the Accomptants bane:  
 And *L——e* young, of Chimney-men the Cane.

Old *W——r*, Trumpet-gen'ral swore he'd write  
 This Combat truer than the Naval Fight.

Of Birth, State, Wit, Strength, Courage, *H——d* presumes,  
 And in his Breast wears many *Montezumes*.



These and some more with single Valour stay  
 The adverse Troops, and hold them all at Bay.  
 Each thinks his Person represents the whole,  
 And with that thought does multiply his Soul:  
 Believes himself an Army, there's one Man,  
 As eas'ly Conquer'd, and believing can.  
 With Heart of Bees so full, and Head of Mites,  
 That each, tho' Duelling, a Battel fights.  
 Such once *Orlando*, famous in *Romance*,  
 Broach'd whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,  
 And the faint sweat trickled down Y----s Brows.  
 Ev'n Iron S-----s, chafing yet gave back,  
 Spent with *fatigue*, to breath a while To back.  
 When, marching in, a seas'nable recruit  
 Of Citizens and Merchants held dispute:  
 And, charging all their Pikes, a sullen Band  
 Of *Presbyterian Switzers*, made a stand.

Nor could all these the Field have long maintain'd,  
 But for th'unknown Reserve that still remain'd:  
 A *Gross of English Gentry*, nobly born,  
 Of clear Estates, and to no Faction sworn;  
 Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet,  
 For Countrys Cause, that Glorious think and sweet:  
 To speak not forward, but in Action brave;  
 In giving Gen'rous, but in Counsel Grave;  
 Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;  
 But sure the *Devil* cannot cheat them thrice.  
 The Van and Battel, though retiring, falls  
 Without disorder in their Intervals:  
 Then closing, all in equal Front fall on,  
 Led by great G-----y, and great L-----n.  
 L---e, equal to obey or to command,  
 Adjutant-General was still at hand.  
 The martial Standard S----s displaying, shows  
 St. *Dunstan* in it, tweeking *Satan's* Nose.  
 See sudden chance of War! To Paint or Write,  
 Is longer Work, and harder than to fight.  
 At the first Charge the Enemy give out;  
 And the *Excise* receives a total Rout.



Broken in Courage, yet the Men the same,  
 Resolve henceforth upon their other Game:  
 Where force had fail'd with Stratagem to play,  
 And what haste lost, recover by delay.

St. A——s straight is sent to, to forbear,  
 Lest the sure Peace, forsooth, too soon appear.  
 The Seamens Clamour to three ends they use;  
 To cheat their Pay, feign want, the *House* accuse.  
 Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,  
 How strong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.  
 Mean time through all the Yards their Orders run  
 To lay the Ships up, cease the Keels begun.  
 The Timber rots, and useless Ax does rust,  
 The unpractis'd Saw lyes bury'd in its Dust;  
 The busie Hammer sleeps, the Rope untwines;  
 The Stores and Wages all are mine and thine.  
 Along the Coast and Harbours they take care  
 That Money lack, nor Forts be in repair.  
 Long thus they could against the *House* conspire,  
 Load them with Envy, and with Sitting tire:  
 And the lov'd *King*, and never yet deny'd,  
 Is brought to beg in publick and to chide.  
 But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,  
 They with the first days proffer seem content:  
 And to *Land-tax* from the *Excise* turn round,  
 Bought off with *Eighteen hundred thousand pound*.  
 Thus, like fair Thieves, the *Commons* Purse they share,  
 But all the *Members* Lives, consulting, spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,  
 The *House* Prorogu'd, the *Chancellor* rebounds.  
 Not so decrepid *Aeson*, hath'd and stew'd  
 With *Magic* Herbs, rose from the Pot renew'd:  
 And with fresh Age felt his glad Limbs unite;  
 His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite:  
 What Frosts to Fruit, what Ars'nick to the Rat,  
 What to fair *D*—— mortal *Chocolat*;  
 What an Account to *C*——; that and more  
 A *Parliament* is to the *Chancellor*.

So the sad Tree shrinks from the Mornings Eye;  
 But blooms all Night, and shoots its branches high.

So, at the Suns recess, again returns,  
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *M*———*t* may, within his Castle Tow'r,  
Imprison Parents, and the Child deflowre.

The *Irish*-Herd is now let loose, and comes  
By Millions over, not by *Hecatombs*.

And now, now, the *Canary-Patent* may  
Be Broach'd again, for the great Holy-day.

See how he Reigns in his new Palace *culminant*,  
And sits in State Divine like *Jove* the *fulminant* !

First *B*———*m*, that durst to him Rebel,  
Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder fell.

Next the *Twelve Commons* are condemn'd to groan,  
And roul in vain at *Sisyphus's* Stone.

But still he car'd, while in Revenge he brav'd,  
That Peace secur'd, and Money might be sav'd.

Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet :  
United most, else when by turns they meet.

*France* had *St. A*———*s* promis'd (so they sing)

*St. A*———*s* promis'd him, and he the *King*.

The *Count* forthwith is order'd all to close,

To play for *Flanders*, and the stake to lose.

While Chain'd together two *Ambassadors*

Like Slaves, shall beg for Peace at *Hollands* doors.

This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires,

To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.

The *Court*, as once of War, now fond of Peace,  
All to new Sports their wanton fears release.

From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)

Comes news of Pastime, Martial and old :

A Punishment invented first to awe

Masculine Wives, transgressing Natures Law,

Where when the brawny Female disobeys,

And beats the Husband till for peace he prays:

No concern'd *Jury* for him Damage finds,

Nor partial *Justice* her Behaviour binds;

But the just Street does the next House invade,

Mounting the neighbour Couple on lean Jade.

The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,

And Boys and Girls in Troops run houting by ;

Prudent Antiquity, that knew by Shame,

Better than Law, Domestick Crimes to tame,

And

And taught Youth by Spectacle Innocent!  
 So thou and I, dear *Painter*, represent  
 In quick *Effigy*, others Faults, and feign  
 By making them ridiculous to restrain.  
 With homely sight, they chose thus to relax  
 The Joys of State, for the new Peace and Tax.  
 So *Holland* with us had the Mast'ry try'd,  
 And our next neighbours *France* and *Flanders* ride.

But a fresh News, the great designment nips,  
 Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.  
*Bab May* and *A-----* did wisely scoff,  
 And thought all safe if they were so far off.  
 Modern *Geographers*, 'twas there they thought,  
 Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turk* had fought:  
 While the first year our Navy is but shown,  
 The next divided, and the third we've none.  
 They, by the Name, mistook it for that Isle,  
 Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,  
 With the Bulls Horn to measure his own Head,  
 And on *Pasiphae's* Tomb to drop a Bead.  
 But *M-----* learn'd demonstrates, by the Post,  
 This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast.

Fresh Messengers still the sad News assure,  
 More tim'rous now we are, than first secure.  
 False Terrors our believing Fears devise:  
 And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies.  
*B----t* and *M--y*, and those of shorter reach,  
 Change all for Guinea's, and a Crown for each:  
 But wiser Men, and well foreseen in chance,  
 In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.  
*White-hall's* unsafe, the Court all meditates  
 To fly to *Windso*r, and mure up the Gates.  
 Each does the other blame, and all distrust;  
 But *M---t* new oblig'd, would sure be just.  
 Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd  
 At *London's* Flame, nor to the Court complain'd.  
 The *Bloodworth-C---* gives, then does recal  
 Orders, amaz'd at last gives none at all.

St. *A--s* writ to that he may bewail  
 To Master *Lewis*, and tell Coward tale,

How yet the *Hollanders* do make a noise,  
 Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.  
 Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still  
 Uncivil: His unkindness would us kill.  
 Tell him our Ships unrigg'd, our Forts unmand,  
 Our Money spent; else 'twere at his command.  
 Summon him therefore of his Word, and prove  
 To move him out of Pity, if not Love.  
 Pray him to make *De-Witte*, and *Ruyter* cease,  
 And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'l hold their peace.  
 But *Lewis* was of Memory but dull,  
 And to St. A— too undutiful;  
 Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere;  
 But ask'd him bluntly for his *Character*.  
 The gravell'd Count did with the Answer faint:  
 (His *Character* was that which thou didst paint)  
 And so enforc'd, like Enemy or Spy,  
 Trusses his baggage, and the Camp does fly.  
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our Hearts should break,  
*Consoles* us morally out of *Senèque*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,  
 In Cipher one to *Harry* Excellent.  
 The first instructs our (Verse the Name abhors)  
*Ptenipotentary Ambassadors*,  
 To prove by *Scripture*, Treaty does imply  
 Cessation, as the look Adultery.  
 And that by Law of Arms, in Martial strife,  
 Who yields his Sword has Title to his Life.  
*Presbyter H-----* the first point should clear;  
 The second *C-----y* the *Cavalier*.  
 But, would they not be argu'd back from Sea,  
 Then to return home straight *infesta re*.  
 But *Harry's* Order, if they won't recal  
 Their Fleet, to threaten, we will give them all.

The *Dutch* are then in *Proclamation* shent,  
 For Sin against th' *Eleventh Commandment*.  
*H-----* slippant Stile there pleasantly curvets;  
 Still his sharp Wit on States and Princes whets.  
 (So *Spain* could not escape his Laughters Spleen:  
 None but himself must chuse the *King* a *Queen*.)

But

But when he came the odious Clause to Pen,  
 That summons up the *Parliament* agen;  
 His Writing-Master many a time he bann'd,  
 And wish'd himself the Gout, to seize his hand.  
 Never old Letcher more repugnance felt,  
 Consenting, for his Rupture, to be Gelt;  
 But still in hope he solac'd, e're they come,  
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home.  
 Or in their hasty Call to find a flaw,  
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-awe.  
 But most rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,  
 To raise a two-edg'd Army for's defence.

First, then he march'd our whole *Militia's* force,  
 (As if, alas, we Ships or *Dutch* had Horse.)  
 Then, from the usual *Common-place*, he blames  
 These; and in Standing-Armies praise declaims.  
 And the wise *Court*, that always lov'd it dear,  
 Now thinks all but too little for their Fear.  
 Hence stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms  
 Of current *Myrmidons* appear in Arms.  
 And for their Pay he writes as from the *King*,  
 With that curs'd Quill pluck'd from a Vulture's Wing:  
 Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan.  
 (The *Eighteen hundred thousand pound* was gone.)

This done, he Pens a *Proclamation* stout,  
 In rescue of the *Banquiers Banquerout* :  
 His minion Imps that, in his secret part,  
 Lye nuzz'ling at the *Sacramental* wart;  
 Horse-leeches circling at the Hem'roid Vein;  
 He sucks the Ring, they him, he them again.  
 The Kingdoms Farm he lets to them bid least :  
 Greater the Bribe, and that's at Interest.  
 Here Men induc'd by Safety, Gain, and Ease,  
 Their Money lodge; confiscate when he please.  
 These can, at need, at instant, with a scrip,  
 (This lik'd him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip.  
 When *Dutch* Invade, when *Parliament* prepare,  
 How can he Engines so convenient spare ?  
 Let no Man touch them, or demand his own,  
 Pain of Displeasure of great C — — n.



The State Affairs thus Marshall'd, for the rest  
*Monk* in his Shirt against the *Dutch* is prest.  
 Often, dear *Painter*, have I fate and mus'd  
 Why he should still b'on all adventures us'd.  
 If they for nothing ill, like *Aspen-wood*,  
 Or think him, like *Herb-John*, for nothing good.  
 Whether his Valour they so much admire,  
 Or that for Cowardice they all retire.  
 As Heav'n in Storms, they call, in gusts of State,  
 On *Monk* and *Parliament*, yet both do hate.  
 All Causes sure concur, but most they think  
 Under *Herculean* Labours he may sink.  
 Soon then the *Independent* Troops would close,  
 And *H—*'s last Project would his Place dispose.  
*Ruyter* the while, that had our Ocean curb'd,  
 Sail'd now among our Rivers undisturb'd:  
 Survey'd their Crystal Streams, and Banks so green,  
 And Beauties ere this never naked seen.  
 Through the vain sedge the bashful *Nymphs* he ey'd;  
 Bosomes, and all which from themselves they hide.  
 The Sun much brighter, and the Skies more clear,  
 He finds the Air, and all things, sweeter here.  
 The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,  
 Swells his old Veins with fresh Blood, fresh Delight.  
 Like am'rous Victors he begins to shave,  
 And his new Face looks in the *English* Wave.  
 His sporting Navy all about him swim,  
 And witness their complaisance in their trim.  
 Their streaming Silks play through the weather fair,  
 And with inveigling Colours Court the Air.  
 While the red Flags breath on their Top-masts high  
 Terrour and War, but want an Enemy.  
 Among the Shrowds the Seamen sit and sing,  
 And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling.  
 Old *Neptune* springs the Tydes, and Water lent:  
 (The Gods themselves do help the provident.)  
 And, where the deep Keel on the shallow cleaves,  
 With *Trident's* Leaver, and great Shoulder heaves.  
*Æolus* their Sails inspires with *Eastern* Wind,  
 Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.

With



With Pearly Shell the *Tritons* all the while  
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy Isle*.

So have I seen in *April's* bud, arise  
A Fleet of Clouds, sailing along the Skies :  
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,  
The airy Sterns the Sun behind does guid ;  
And gentle Gales them steer, and Heaven drives,  
When, all on sudden, their calm bosoms rive  
With Thunder and Lightning from each armed Cloud ;  
Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shrowd,  
Such up the stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,  
And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy sides.

S—g there, tho' practis'd in the Sea command,  
With panting Heart, lay like a fish on Land,  
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not *renable*,  
Which, if a Houle, yet were not *tenantable*.  
No man can sit there safe, the Cannon pow'rs  
Through the Walls untight, and Bullet shows :  
The neighb'hood ill, and an unwholsome seat.  
So at the first Salute resolves Retreat,  
And swore that he would never more dwell there  
Until the City put it in repair.  
So he in Front, his Garrison in Rear,  
March straight to *Charham*, to increase the fear.

There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,  
Like molting Fowl, a weak and easie Prey,  
For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,  
The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.  
Those Oaken Gyants of the ancient Race,  
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.  
The conscious Stag, so once the Forests dread,  
Flies to the Wood, and hides his armless Head,  
*Ruyter* forthwith a Squadron does untack,  
They sail securely through the Rivers track.  
An *English* Pilot too, ( O Shame, O Sin ! )  
Cheated of Pay, was he that show'd them in.

Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,  
And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend :  
Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,  
It fitter seem'd to captivate a Flea.

A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,  
 Filling his Sails, more force to recollect  
 Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke  
 For its last aid : Hold Chain or we are broke.  
 But with her Sailing weight, the *Holland* Keel  
 Snapping the brittle links, does thorow reel ;  
 And to the rest the open'd passage shew.

*Monk* from the bank the dismal sight does view.

Our feather'd Gallants, which came down that day

To be Spectators safe of the new Play,

Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun ;

(C — y the fleetest) and to London run.

Our Seamen, whom no Dangers shape could fright,

Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight :

Or to their fellows swim on board the *Dutch*,

Which show the tempting metal in their clutch.

Oft had he sent, of D — e and of L — g

Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to beg.

And *Uphor*-Castle's ill-deserted Wall,

Now needful, does for Ammunition call.

He finds wheresoever he succour might expect,

Confusion, folly, treach'ry, fear, neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles*, what Rage, what Grief,

He saw seiz'd, and could give her no Relief

That sacred Keel, which had, as he, restor'd

His exil'd *Sou'raign* on its happy Board ;

And thence the *British* Admiral became ;

Crown'd, for that Merit, with their Masters Name.

That Pleasure-boat of VVar, in whose dear side

Secure so oft he had this Foe desy'd :

Now a cheap spoil, and the mean Victor's Slave,

Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its top to wave ;

Of former Glories the reproachful thought,

With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from *Euphrates* bank, a Tygres sell,

After the Robbers, for her Whelps does yell :

But sees, inrag'd, the River flow between.

Frustrate Revenge, and Love, by loss more keen,

At her own Breast her useles claws does arm ;

She tears herself since him she cannot harm.

The Guards, plac'd for the Chains and Fleets defence,  
 Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence.  
*Daniel* had there adventur'd, Man of might ;  
 Sweet *Painter* draw his Picture while I write.  
 Paint him of Person tall, and big of bone,  
 Large Limbs, like Ox, not to be kill'd but shown.  
 Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign an Hair so black,  
 Or Face so red thine Oker and thy Lack.  
 Mix a vain Terrour in his Martial look,  
 And all those lines by which men are mistook.  
 But when, by shame constrain'd to go on Board,  
 He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd ;  
 And saw himself confin'd, like Sheep in Pen ;  
*Daniel* then thought he was in *Lyons* Den.  
 But when the frightful Fire-ships he saw,  
 Pregnant with Sulphur, to him nearer draw  
*Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign*, all make haste,  
 Ere in the Firy Furnace they be cast.  
 Three Children tall, unsing'd, away they row,  
 Like *Shadrack, Mesbeck, and Abednego*.  
 Not so brave *Douglas* ; on whose lovely chin  
 The early Down but newly did begin ;  
 And modest Beauty yet his Sex did Veil,  
 While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.  
 His yellow Locks curl back themselves to seek,  
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek.  
 Oft has he in chill *Eske* or *Seine*, by night,  
 Harden'd and cool'd his Limbs, so soft, so white,  
 Among the Reeds, to be espy'd by him,  
 The *Nymphs* would rustle ; he would forward swim.  
 They sigh'd and said, Fond Boy, why so untame,  
 That fly'st Love Fires, reserv'd for other Flame ?  
 Fixt on his Ship, he fac'd that horrid Day,  
 And wondred much at those that run away :  
 Nor other fear himself could comprehend,  
 Then, lest Heav'n fall, ere thither he ascend.  
 But entertains, the while, his time too short  
 With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in sport :  
 Or Waves his Sword, and could he them conjure  
 Within its circle, knows himself secure.

The fatal Bark him boards with grappling fire;  
 And safely through its Port the *Dutch* retire :  
 That precious life he yet disdains to save,  
 Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave.  
 Much him the Honours of his ancient Race  
 Inspire, nor would he his own deeds deface.  
 And secret Joy, in his calm Soul does rise,  
 That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies.  
 Like a glad Lover, the fierce Flames he meets,  
 And tries his first embraces in their Sheets.  
 His shape exact, which the bright flames infold,  
 Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnish'd Gold.  
 Round the transparent Fire about him glows,  
 As the clear Amber on the Bee does close :  
 And, as on Angels Heads their Glories shine,  
 His burning Locks adorn his Face Divine.  
 But, when in his immortal Mind he felt  
 His alt'ring Form, and soder'd Limbs to melt ;  
 Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd,  
 With his dear Sword reposing by his Side.  
 And, on the flaming Plank, so rests his Head,  
 As one that's warm'd himself and gone to Bed.  
 His Ship burns down, and with his Relicks sinks,  
 And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.  
 Fortunate Boy ! if either Pencil's Fame,  
 Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name ;  
 When *OEta* and *Alcides* are forgot,  
 Our *English* youth shall sing the Valiant *Scot*.

Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns ;  
 The *Loyal-London*, now a third time burns.  
 And the true *Royal-Oak*, and *Royal-James*,  
 Ally'd in Fate, increase, with theirs, her Flames.  
 Of all our Navy none should now survive,  
 But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive :  
 And the kind River in its Creek them hides,  
 Fraughting their pierced Keels with Oosy Tides.

Up to the *Bridge* contagious Terror strook;  
 The *Tow'r* it self with the near danger shook.  
 And were not *Ruyters* maw with ravage cloy'd,  
 Ev'n *London's* Ashes had been then destroy'd.

Official fear, however, to prevent  
 Our loss, does so much more our loss augment:  
 The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown:  
 Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown.  
 So when the Fire did not enough devour,  
 The Houses were demolish'd near the *Tow'r*.  
 Those Ships, that yearly from their teeming Howl,  
 Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole;  
 Furs from the *North*, and Silver from the *West*,  
 From the *South* Perfumes, Spices from the *East*;  
 From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Gems;  
 Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames*.  
 Once a deep River, now with Timber flood'd,  
 And shrunk, left Navigable, to a Ford.

Now (nothing more at *Chatbam* left to burn)  
 The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return:  
 And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albemarles*,  
 To *Ruyter's* Triumph lead the captive *Charles*.  
 The pleasing sight he often does prolong:  
 Her Masts erect, tough Cordage, Timbers strong,  
 Her moving Shape; all these he does survey,  
 And all admires, but most his easie Prey.  
 The Seamen search her all, within, without:  
 Viewing her strength, they yet their Conquest doubt.  
 Then with rude shouts, secure, the Air they vex;  
 With Gamesome Joy insulting on her Decks.  
 Such the fear'd *Hebrew*, captive, blinded, shorn,  
 Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.

Black Day accurs'd! On thee let no man hale  
 Out of the Port, or dare to hoise a Sail,  
 Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour:  
 Thee, the Year's monster, let thy Dam devour.  
 And constant Time, to keep his course yet right,  
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.  
 When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,  
 And *Medway* chaf't ravish'd before his Face,  
 And their dear Off-spring murder'd in their sight;  
 Thou, and thy Fellows, held'st the odious Light.  
 Sad change, since first that happy pair was wed,  
 When all the *Rivers* grac'd their Nuptial Bed;

And



And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign  
 His Empire old, to their immortal Line!  
 Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,  
 Themselves dishonour'd, and the Gods untrue :  
 And to each other helpless couple moan,  
 As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan.  
 But most they for their Darling *Charles* complain :  
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.  
 To see that fatal Pledge of Sea-Command,  
 Now in the Ravisher *De-Ruyter's* hand,  
 The *Thames* roard, swarming *Medway* turn'd her tide,  
 And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The Court in Farthing yet it self does please,  
 And female *S-----t*, there, Rules the four Seas.  
 But Fate does still accumulate our Woes,  
 And *Richmond* here commands, as *Ruyter* those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,  
 Some one must be accus'd by Punishment.  
 All our miscarriages on *Pett* must fall :  
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.  
 Whose Counsel first did this mad War beget ?  
 Who all Commands sold thro' the Navy ? *Pett*.  
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were bet ?  
 Who treated out the time at *Bergen* ? *Pett*.  
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met,  
 And rising Prizes, them neglected ? *Pett*.  
 Who with false News prevented the *Gazette* ?  
 The Fleet divided ? Writ for *Rupert* ? *Pett*.  
 Who all our Seamen cheated of their Debt ?  
 And all our Prizes who did swallow ? *Pett*.  
 Who did advise no Navy out to set ?  
 And who the Forts left unrepair'd ? *Pett*.  
 VVho to supply with Powder, did forget  
*Languard*, *Sheerness*, *Gravesend*, and *Upnor* ? *Pett*.  
 VVho all our Ships expos'd in *Chatham's* Net ?  
 VVho should it be but the *Phanatick* *Pett*.  
*Pett*, the Sea Architect, in making Ships,  
 Was the first cause of all these Naval ships :  
 Had he not built, none of these faults had bin ;  
 If no Creation, there had been no Sin.

But,



But, his great Crime, one Boat away he sent ;  
 That lost our Fleet, and did our Flight prevent.  
 Then that Reward might in its turn take place,  
 And march with Punishment in equal pace ;  
*S*—— *n* dead, much of the *Treasure's* care,  
 And place in Counsel fell to *D*—— *s* share.  
 All men admir'd he to that pitch could fly :  
 Powder ne're blew man up so soon so high.  
 But sure his late good Husbandry in *Peeter*,  
 Show'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meetter :  
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a corn,  
 To lavish the *King's* Money more would scorn.  
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all is best,  
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law has least ;  
 Who less Estate, for *Treasurer* most fit ;  
 And for a *Couns'llor*, he that has least Wit.  
 But the true cause was, that, in's Brother *May*,  
 The *Exchequer* might the *Privy-purse* obey.

But now draws near the *Parliament's* return ;  
*H*—— *e* and the *Court* again begin to mourn.  
 Frequent in Counsel, earnest in Debate,  
 All Arts they try how to prolong its Date.  
 Grave *Primate S*—— *n* (much in *Preaching* there)  
 Blames the last Session, and this more does fear.  
 With *B*—— *n* or with *M*—— *n* 'twere sweet ;  
 But with a *Parliament* abhors to meet,  
 And thinks 'twill ne're be well within this Nation,  
 Till it be govern'd by a *Convocation*.  
 But in the *Thames* mouth still *Ruyter* laid,  
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be paid.  
*H*—— *e* saith he hourly waits for a Dispatch ;  
*H*—— *y* came Post just as he shew'd his Watch.  
 All to agree the Articles were clear,  
 The *Holland Fleet* and *Parliament* so near.  
 Yet *Harry* must job back and all mature,  
 Binding, ere th' *Houses* meet, the Treaty sure.  
 And 'twixt Necessity and Spight, till then,  
 Let them come up so to go down agen.  
 Up ambles *Country Justice* on his Pad,  
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad.

Plain *Gentlemen* are in Stage-Coach o'rethrown,  
 And *Deputy-Lieutenants* in their own.  
 The portly *Burgefs*, through the Weather hot,  
 Does for his Corporation sweat and trot.  
 And all with Sun and Choler come adust ;  
 And threatens *H—e* to raise a greater Dust.

But, fresh as from the Mint, the *Courtiers* fine  
 Salute them, smiling at their vain design.  
 And *T—r* gay up to his Pearch does march,  
 With Face new bleacht, smoothen'd and stiff with starch.  
 Tells them he at *Whitehall* had took a turn,  
 And for three days, thence moves them to adjourn.  
 Not so, quoth *T—s* ; and straight drew his Tongue,  
 Trusty as Steel, that always ready hung ;  
 And so, proceeding in his motion warm,  
 Th'Army soon rais'd, he doth as soon disarm.  
 True *Trojan* ! while this Town can Girls afford,  
 And long as Cider lasts in *Hereford* ;  
 The Girls shall always kiss thee, though grown old,  
 And in eternal Healths thy Name be trowl'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives  
 At Court, and so reprieves their guilty Lives.  
*H—e* orders *T—r* that he should come late,  
 Lest some new *T—s* spring a fresh debate.  
 The King, that day rais'd early from his rest,  
 Expects as at a Play till *T—s* drest.  
 At last together *E—n* come and he :  
 No Dial more could with the Sun agree.  
 The *Speaker*, Summon'd, to the *Lords* repairs,  
 Nor gave the *Commons* leave to say their Pray'rs :  
 But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,  
 VVhere mute they stand to hear their Sentence read ;  
 Trembling with joy and fear, *H—e* them Prorogues,  
 And had almost mistook and call'd them Rogues.

Dear *Painter*, draw this *Speaker* to the foot :  
 Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't ;  
 That may his Body, this his Mind explain.  
 Paint him in Golden Gown, with Mace's Brain :  
 Bright Hair, fair Pace, obscure and dull of Head ;  
 Like Knife with Iy'ry haft, and edge of Lead.

At Pray'rs, his Eyes turn up the Pious white,  
 But all the while his *Private-Bills* in sight.  
 In Chair, he smoaking sits like Master-Cook,  
 And a *Poll-Bill* does like his Apron look.  
 Well was he skill'd to season any question,  
 And make a sawce fit for *Whiteball's* digestion:  
 VVhence ev'ry day, the Palat more to tickle;  
*Court-mushrooms* ready are sent in in pickle.  
 VVhen *Grievance* urg'd, he swells like Squatted Toad,  
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a *Taxes* load.  
 His patient Piss, he could hold longer than  
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen.  
 At Table, jolly as a Country-Host,  
 And soaks his Sack with N----- like a Toast.  
 At night, than *Canticleer* more brisk and hot,  
 And Serjeants VVife serves him for P-----.  
 Paint last the King, and a dead shade of Night,  
 Only dispers'd by a weak Tapers light;  
 And those bright gleams that dart along and glare  
 From his clear Eyes, yet these too dark with Care.  
 There, as in the calm horror all alone,  
 He wakes and Muses of th' uneasie Throne:  
 Raife up a sudden Shape with Virgins Face,  
 Though ill agree her Posture, Hour, or Place  
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,  
 VVith her own Tresses interwove and twin'd:  
 Her mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,  
 Yet from beneath the Veil her blushes rise;  
 And silent tears her secret anguish speak,  
 Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.  
 The Object strange in him no Terror mov'd:  
 He wonder'd first, then pity'd, then he lov'd:  
 And with kind hand does the coy Vision press,  
 VVhose Beauty greater seem'd by her distress;  
 But soon shrunk back, chill'd with her touch so cold,  
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold.  
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,  
 And he Divin'd 'twas *England* or the *Peace*.

Express him startling next with listning ear,  
 As one that some unusual noise does hear.

With Canon, Trumpets, Drums, his door furround,  
 But let some other Painter draw the sound:  
 Thrice did he rise, thrice the vain Tumult led,  
 But again thunders when he lyes in Bed ;  
 His mind secure does the known Stroke repeat,  
 And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did beat.

Shake then the room, and all his Curtains tear,  
 And with blue streaks infect the Taper clear :  
 While, the pale Ghosts, his Eye does fixt admire  
 Of Grandfire *H*—y, and of *C*—s his Sire.  
*H*—y sits down, and in his open side  
 The grizly Wound reveals, of which he dy'd.  
 And ghastly *C*—s, turning his Collar low,  
 The purple thread about his Neck does show:  
 Then, whisp'ring to his Son in Words unheard,  
 Through the lock'd door both of them disappear'd.  
 The wondrous Night the pensive *King* revolves,  
 And rising, straight on *H*—s Disgrace resolves.

At his first step, he *C*—s does find,  
*B*—t and *C*—s, as't were design'd.  
 And they, not knowing, the same thing propose,  
 Which his hid mind did in its depths inclose.  
 Through their feign'd speech their secret hearts he knew ;  
 To her own Husband, *C*—s, untrue.  
 False to his Master *B*—t, *A*—s,  
 And *C*—s, falser than any one,  
 Who to the Brother, Brother would betray ;  
 Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.  
 His Fathers Ghost too whisper'd him one Note,  
 That who does cut his Purse will cut his Throat.  
 But in wise anger he their Crimes forbears,  
 As Thieves repriev'd for Executioners;  
 While *H*—s provok'd his foaming tusk does whet,  
 To prove them Traytors, and himself the *Pett*.

*Painter* adieu, how will our Arts agree ;  
 Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry.  
 But this great work is for our *Monarch* fit,  
 And henceforth *C*—s only to *C*—s shall sit.  
 His Master-hand the Ancients shall out-do :  
 Himself the *Poet* and the *Painter* too.

## To the KING.

SO his bold Tube, Man, to the Sun apply'd,  
 And Spots unknown to the bright Star descry'd;  
 Show'd they obscure him, while too near they please,  
 And seem his Courtiers, are but his disease.  
 Through Optick Trunk the Planet seem'd to hear,  
 And hurls them off, e're since, in his Career.

And you, *Great Sir*, that with him Empire share,  
 Sun of our World, as he the *Charles* is there.  
 Blame not the *Muse* that brought those spots to sight,  
 Which, in your Splendor hid, Corrode your Light;  
 Kings in the Country oft have gone astray,  
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way.

Would she the unattended Throne reduce,  
 Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use;  
 Better it were to live in Cloysters Lock,  
 Or in fair Fields to rule the easie Flock.  
 She blames them only who the Court restrain,  
 And, where all *England* serves, themselves would reign.

Bold and accus'd are they, that all this while  
 Have strove to lile the *Monarch* from his *Isle*:  
 And to improve themselves, on false pretence,  
 About the Common *Prince* have rais'd a Fence;  
 The *Kingdom* from the *Crown* distinct would see,  
 And peal the Bark to burn at last the Tree.  
 (But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,  
*Bacchus* is Wine, the Country is the *King*.)

Not so does Rust insinuating wear,  
 Nor Powder so the vaulted Bastion tear;  
 Nor Earthquake so an hollow *Isle* overwhelm,  
 As scratching *Courtiers* undermine a *Realm*:  
 And through the Palace's Foundations bore,  
 Burr'wing themselves to hoard their guilty Store.  
 The smallest Vermin make the greatest waste,  
 And a poor Warren once a City rais'd:  
 But they whom born to Virtue and to Wealth,  
 Whom neither flattery binds, nor want to stealth;  
 Whose Conscience and whose Courage high  
 With Counsels their large Souls supply;  
 That serve the *King* with their Estates and Care,  
 And, as in Love, on *Parliaments* can stare:  
 (Where few the number, choice is there less hard)  
 Give us this *Court*, and rule without a *Guard*.



## ROCHESTER's Farewel.

**T**ir'd with the noysom Follies of the Age,  
 And weary of my Part, I quit the Stage;  
 For who in Life's dull Farce a Part would bear,  
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?  
 Long I with Charitable Malice strove,  
 Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove,  
 But thriving Vice under the rod still grew,  
 As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew;  
 What though my Life hath unsuccessful been,  
 (For who can this *Augean Stable* clean)  
 My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,  
 And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.  
 First, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,  
 With open Brav'ry, and dissembled Fear:  
*M*—e their Head, but Gen'ral have a care,  
 Though skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the fair,  
 The Undiscerning and Impartial *Moor*,  
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score:  
 Think how many perish by one fatal shot,  
 The Conquests all thy Goggling ever got.  
 Think then (as I presume you do) how all  
 The *English* Ladies will lament your fall;  
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce every heart,  
 Should Sir George H—, or Sir C— depart.  
 Had it not better been than thus to roam,  
 To stay and play the Cravat-string at home?  
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear  
 With H—, D—, there's no Action there.  
 Had'st thou no friend that wou'd to R— write,  
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?  
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,  
 As sure to be deny'd as S—y.  
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,  
 But who such Courage could suspect in you?  
 For say, what Reason could with you prevail,  
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?



Let *P*——*b*, or let *M*——*r* go, whom Fate  
 Has made not Valiant, but desperate.  
 For who could not be weary of his Life,  
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?  
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,  
 One flies from Creditors, the other from *Torrezar*;  
 'Twere Cruelty to make so sharp Remarks,  
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks;  
 Only Poor *C*—— I can't but pity thee,  
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see.  
 Those Chits of War, who as much mirth create  
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State,  
 Their Names shall equal all excelling Glory,  
 Chit *S*——*d*, Chit *G*——*n*, and Chit *L*——*y*.  
 When thou let'st *P*——*b*, 'twas such a Jest,  
 As when the Brother made the same request;  
 Had *R*——*d* but got leave as well as he,  
 The Jest had been compleat and worthy thee.  
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance  
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.  
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,  
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there  
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jigg of War;  
 What is of Soldier seen in all the heap,  
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,  
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloath,  
 From Gen'ral *M*——*e* down to little *W*——*b*?  
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,  
 Whereby the Wiser Sparks that stay at home,  
 In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,  
*Tangier* (like *Mastrich*) is at *Wind* for Storm'd.  
 But now we talk of *Mastrich*, where is he,  
 Famed for that brutal piece of Bravery?  
 He with his thick Impenetrable Skull,  
 The solid, hard'ned Armour of a Fool?  
 Well might himself to all Wars ills expose,  
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose.  
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,  
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.  
 This Fool by Fools (*A*——*g* and *V*——*n*) led,  
 Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head,  
 By great example he this Path doth tread,  
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,  
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a Crown.)  
 But *R*——*s* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,  
 To tell that God hath left the ambitious *Saul*.

Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun,  
 See P——, Bastard fill the Regal Throne.  
 So Heaven says, but B——n says he shall,  
 But who e're he protects is sure to fall.  
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,  
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he ?  
 What good can come from him who T——k forsook,  
 T'el'pouse the Interest of this Booby Duke ?  
 But who the best of Masters could desert,  
 Is the the most fit to take a Traytors part.  
 Ungrateful ! This thy Master-piece of sin,  
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou did'st begin.  
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,  
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excel :  
 'The very top of Villany we seize,  
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.  
 None e're was perfect Villain in one day,  
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way ;  
 But when degrees of Villany we Name,  
 How can we choose but think on B——m ?  
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,  
 Left ne're a Law unbroke by God or Man.  
 His treasured sins of Supererrogation,  
 Swell to a summ enough to damn a Nation :  
 But he must here, *per* force, be let alone,  
 His acts require a Volumn of their own :  
 Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,  
 All his Exploits from S——y to Le M——.  
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find,  
 My Pen to treat of th'other Sex inclin'd ;  
 But where is all this choice shall I begin ?  
 Where, but with the renowned M——e ?  
 For all the Bawds the Courts rank Soil doth bear,  
 And Bawds and States-men grow in plenty there.  
 To thee submit and yield, should we be Just,  
 To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Lust :  
 Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be,  
 First in the Glorious Roll of Infamy.  
 To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,  
 Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey ;  
 (Thou Queen of Lust, thy Bawdy Subjects they.)  
 While S——x, B——ll, Betty F——n come,  
 Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;  
 For what proud Strumpet e're could merit more,  
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore ?

For tell me, in all *Europe*, where's the part,  
 That is not Conscious of thy Lewd desert.  
 The great *Pedalian* Youth, whose Conquests run  
 O're all the World, and Travall'd with the Sun,  
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known.  
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust have shown,  
 All Climes, all Countries, do with Tribute come,  
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb :  
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,  
 Whither the Ruines of all Nations flow.  
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,  
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery :  
 For in all Ages, except her and you,  
 Who ever sinn'd so high, and stoop'd so low.  
 She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did use,  
 To bring the stink of the Exhausted Stews ;  
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with man did come,  
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.  
 But thou, to our admiring Age, dost show  
 More sin than Inn'cent *Rome* did ever know ;  
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,  
 Takes up with Devil, having tir'd man :  
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,  
 Which you and S——x in your Arms do take ?  
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,  
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past :  
 Though on thy Head, Grey-hairs like *Etna's* Snow  
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below.  
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once does rage  
 The flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.  
 My Lady D——s takes the second place,  
 Proud with thy favour, and peculiar grace ;  
 E'n she with all her Piety and Zeal,  
 The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.  
 Thou dost into her kindling breast inspire,  
 The Lustful seeds of thy Contagious fire ;  
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,  
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.  
 Important use Religion's made,  
 By those who wisely drive the Cheating Trade ;  
 As Wines Prohibited securely pass,  
 Changing the Name of their own Native place.  
 So Vice grows safe, drest in Devotions Name,  
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame :  
 Where e're so much of Sanctity you see,  
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany ;

Whosoever Zeal is than his Neighbours more,  
 If man think he's a Rogue, if Woman Whore:  
 And such a thing art thou Religious Pride,  
 Sb very Lewd, and yet so Sanctify'd.  
 Let now the D——s take no further care  
 Of humorous Stallions, let her not despair,  
 Since her Indulgent Stars so kind have been,  
 To send her B——y and M——e,  
 This last doth banisht M——s Place supply,  
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.  
 For M——b he had Parts, and Wit, and Sense  
 To all which M——e had no pretence;  
 A proof that since such things as he prevail,  
 Her H——s Head is lighter than her Tail.  
 But stay, I P——b almost had forgot,  
 The common Theam of ey'ry Rhiming Set:  
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,  
 For at her Folly who can choose but smile?  
 While them who always slight her great she makes,  
 And so much pains to be despis'd she takes.  
 Goes sauntering with her Highness up to Town,  
 To an Old Play, and in the Dark come down;  
 Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,  
 But still is jultled out by M——e.  
 So much more Worthy a kind Pawd is thought,  
 Than ever she who her from Exile brought.  
 O P——b, foolish P——b! Not to take  
 The offer the great S——d did make,  
 When Cringing at thy Feet; ere M——b bow'd,  
 The Golden Calf, that's Worshipp'd by the Crowd.  
 But thou for T——k, who now despises thee,  
 To leave both him and Pow'rful S——y:  
 If this is all the Policy you know,  
 This all the skill in States you boast of so,  
 How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,  
 Never to let the foolish Women Reign.  
 But what must we expect, who daily see  
 Unthinking C——s Rul'd by Unthinking thee.

F I N I S.

E - PV  
135624-32

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION